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GEORGE PETERSON, }

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Choice Poetry.

MAKE YOUR MARK.

Set the scientific shovel yet feel,
Make your mark!
Dig you deep unless she sail?
Make your mark!
As whatever post you go on
In whatever place you stand,
Mingle evil or mar good,
With a firm and honest hand
Make your mark!

Should opportunity hedge your way,
Make your mark!
Work by night or work by day,
Make your mark!
Struggling manfully and well,
Let no obstacles oppose,
None right shielded over fell
By the weapons of his foes—
Make your mark!

What though here a peasant's son,
Make your mark!
Good by your son can be done—
Make your mark
Progress's pickle may warm the cold;
Promise's words may calm a foe;
Never let them hindering gold
In the daring of the blow—
Make your mark!

Life is Battling as a clash,
Make your mark!
Marks or none kind sense be made,
Make your mark!
Make it while the iron is strong,
In the golden years of youth;
Never, never make it wrong!
Make it in the stamp of truth—
Make your mark.

—*Massachusetts Magazine.*

Original Novelet.

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "MYRTLE GROVE," "CORA MORELAND," "FOREST WILD," "PAUL ULRIC," "KATE CLARENDON," "TRAITOR," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

A BOARDING HOUSE ON THE WATER.

There is a charm in beauty, let beauty come in what form it will, that fills the mind with an inherent joy, if it does not engross it, and no charm is to the subject or objects which excite it. Beauty, then, may be found in many forms; but in none, perhaps, does it awaken to so much lofty sentiment, and overwhelming admiration, as in the form of the beautiful in nature, on a broad scale, where a thousand wonders unfold themselves to the mind, grand or entrancing effect, and that effect draws our thoughts harmoniously upward to the Great Author, the Creator, who has made all these wonders. And one of the most beautiful scenes in nature, is a calm, delightful summer's morning, and the sun just peeping over the eastern hills, a soft breeze wafting the sweet perfume of a thousand flowers that have been awakened with the sun's magic repose, and still hold in their tiny cups the bright dewdrops, and look all the prettier for very joy, while the songs of a thousand feathered minstrels give forth a melody that no words, of art, can equal.

Gertrude Wilburn, as we have since then called her, possessed a mind of more than common order, and consequently was a great lover of the beautiful in nature; and such a morning as we have described, had found her on deck, where from the overwhelmed any gloomy impressions which the events of the previous night had created from any source less than a great calamity or danger; and therefore, by beholding all that had been unpleasant, she was the more free to revel in the delights which it awakened in her bosom. To hear the melody of the birds, beheld its location, and catch its first, cooling, balmy breath, the ever in summer season with the lake, and watch the sun as it rose majestically above the waters, from which it seemed to have just risen, (from which I cannot say, for I did not live near enough to see it myself,) and then I could have certainly sworn that the whole performance was made merely in order that I might breathe my part, heavily as escape me justly.

At Mrs. Rosser's, Boarding House, Chicago.—While in Athens, a party, given by the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, in honor of the celebrated Maria Theresa of *Athens*, now Mrs. Hon. Mr. Greenwood in Great Britain, and greatly in English—and one of the guests the guests of Byron will be shewn Maid of Athens ruined her—Byron had finished her character at the historical book granted of the eastern beauties. Her position, as we have introduce her, was on a point of the beach, in front of the house to the south of the cabin, whence her vision could command the whole scene. Her figure was erect, her face was toward the east, her thoughts were wending upward, and her heart was full to thanksgiving. The fresh sea breeze swept her cheek, as the cloud that and there, arrayed in gold, and purple, and crimson, as the sun momently took from her high, broad, intellectual forehead; her lips slightly parted, as it with an expression of the deepest devotion; slightly tinted with the warm blood of youth and expectation; and her dark, eloquent eyes sparkling with emotions of immortal delight. Few could have seen her then and not have blessed with their prayers a loveliness which little pleasure, combined with the lofty thoughts of a pure heart, can seldom equal; and most of themselves may possess nothing beyond ordinary attractions. It is indeed acted that great impression of beauty which the mere intelligence of it is that gives beauty; and so utterly the effect of mind was evident in her face, that even a stranger, without seeing her subject in formation, become repellent instead of attractive, just as a great city would become dismal without lamps.

While standing in the attitude described, lost in a reverie of high and noble thought, Gertrude was approached by the singleton, who had left them the night before, and who had himself done of early morning enjoyment.

"You are beautiful this morning, Miss Gertrude," he said, as he gained her side.

"And it looks a very beautiful morning, Roley," she answered, with a pleasant laugh, making a play upon his words. "Have you been about peace, she said, quickly: "Roley, I should really like a ride on the water this forenoon. Don't our little boat in down there, with the boat just touching the beach, and really looks as if it would like to be off with us?"

"May be it would like to be off with us, Miss Gertrude," replied the simpleton, quickly: "shall I go and call it?"

"Yes, do, Roley!" said Gertrude, with a laugh.

The simpleton at once set off down the hill; and when he reached the boat, Gertrude was on his side.

"Well, Roley, what did the boat say?" she playfully inquired.

"I haven't asked it yet, Mistress Gerty."

"Well, I know it would say yes," returned she, after a short pause, "if it would not be right to keep it waiting; I have come to be ready. Have you asked it now, Roley?" she added, more and smile it, and we will have a pleasant ride, which will give us an appetite for our breakfast."

"I am a-round give us some more bread and some eggs," rejoined the simple Roley, as he proceeded to do as directed. "But what will the Major say?" he added, looking up at his fair companion.

"I am thinking he will not miss us, and won't know where to find us, and will not grumble."

"No, for, Roley; we will be back soon; and he will take all the blame, if any one finds fault."

She stepped into the boat as she spoke; and Simple Roley, having released its fastenings, took up the paddle and pushed it from the shore. The little vessel was some of the pretty-boat—being made of clapboards split from logs, and pinned together with wooden pins; but it was strong—and, though awkward to manage, was safe. Simple Roley, however, by daily practice, had become a perfect master of the little craft, and standing erect, near the stern, with long sweeps of the oar, he now sent it skimming over the placid bosom of the Kenosha.

Gertrude had taken her seat almost midway between the bow and the stern; and as the boat glided out into the middle of the stream, she gazed around and then upward, with a thrilling delight. Joy had fairly dawned; but the sun had not made his appearance, and the clouds, still tinged with the rosy hues of morning, glowing golden out. The wind lended very beautiful effects to the scene, and the wooded hillsides, with overhanging bushes, green leaves, and gay blossoms—the water—the low cabin with that golden hue—now had a charm for the eye of our heroine that they did not possess in the full light of day. "Oh, how I love to be out upon the water, and far away from the world!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically; "and what a little world we have with us in the wilderness to behold. A life in the wilderness!" she repeated, in an altered tone. "Ah! who would have ever given me a life in the wilderness? But here, beset by dangers on every hand, who would have dreamed that life was to be taken; and then what follows? I hope I life beyond—but who dead yet?"

"I am not dead yet," rejoined the simpleton, for a moment suspending the motion of the oar paddle, and gazing upward with a look of laughing solemnity.

Gertrude started, and turned toward him in surprise—for she had spoken her last words to herself—not to Roley.

"Is my dream over," he continued, in the same solemn tone, without changing his attitude, "and am I even giving a lecture to Gertrude apparently answering her question without being aware she had asked one. "Is my dreams over, Gertrude, and am I awake? Is it true? Poor youth! you shall one day live in a world of realities, which will be more terrible than you was very beautiful," he continued, "and her face was like my dear dead mother; and as she seemed to call up from the well of memory painful recollections, he bowed his face in his hands, and groaned aloud.

Gertrude was not without a certain degree of superstition; and the words and manner of Simple Roley, seemed to her unaccountable, while so much truthful force, made a powerful impression upon her mind.

"I am reproved," she murmured; "reproved, as by one who is not accounted wise; reproved by one who has had but little mental culture, and in knowledge. Do spirits once departed ever return to this world, and watch over those in the world in which they live—there in their truly life beyond. If not so, then whence this strange, unaccountable feeling that I am not alone—somehow waking mind is as it were a work of fancy, and that my mother is near me—the most simple train of reasoning! Ah! those things are truly hid from the wise and prudent, and are revealed unto babes. May God forgive me for reproving doubt, when in truth I do not, but would believe. Oh, I would believe, and I will believe. No, as I know myself, I did not doubt. The words seemed to come to my lips, and I spoke them mechanically. I believe in spirits—in my inner nature would have been shocked, and wounded, had I not. But the words and thought and speech, that I may never again question what I would not hear questioned by others."

"Oh, Mistress Gerty, I do feel so very happy to-day," said the simpleton, looking up into her face, "I guess it's because it's such a very pretty morning, isn't it?"

"I guess it is, Roley," replied his fair companion, thoughtfully. "But when did you learn that dream?" she asked, after a short pause.

"What dream, Mistress Gerty?"

"Why, that you have just telling me, about your dear mother."

The simpleton looked upward upon her with one of his peculiar looks. Then seeming suddenly to call to mind, he exclaimed:

"Ha! the very four-and-twenty—won't she?"

"Ah! yes—all mothers are dear to us," replied Gertrude, sadly, as her mind reverted to her own mother; and unconsciously she added, in a mournful tone, "and I shall find her dear mother, if she be not dead."

"Dead!" repeated he, in Roley," replied his fair companion, thoughtfully. "But when did you learn that dream?" she asked, after a short pause.

"What dream, Mistress Gerty?"

"Why, that you have just telling me, about your dear mother."

The simpleton looked upward upon her with one of his peculiar looks. Then seeming suddenly to call to mind, he exclaimed:

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"Ah! yes—all mothers are dear to us," replied Gertrude, sadly, as her mind reverted to her own mother; and unconsciously she added, in a mournful tone, "and I shall find her dear mother, if she be not dead."

"Dead!" repeated he, in a tone of deep feeling. "Mother! how sacred that name! Mother! the first word we are taught to lisp in infancy—the last that trembles on the tongue in departing intelligence of an immortal soul—the truest, kindest, most unselfish friend we ever have in our mortal existence, and the truest journey through life. Whatever may be our misfortunes, or our faults, our mother, she, while she lives, is ever ready to console with us, to pray with us, or rejoice with us. Our sorrows are her sorrows—our joys are her joys. We may fight her counsels—we may abuse her kindness—we may treat her with scorn; we are ever to her the brightest and the most beautiful of earth. And when she sinks down, we may count on her to the last moment, and when she is dead in the tomb, we may cling till the wave of death engulfs us. And when that period comes," pursued Gertrude, in a still sadder and more solemn tone: "when her remains are laid in their low in death; when we have taken our last look of that dear face—pressed our lips to those cold lips, which, in life warmed our very soul with an electrical thrill of love, but which shall now speak to us no more; and have seen her formed form lowered into the cold and silent grave; and heard the sods of the valley fall hollowly upon her coffin; and have turned away with the painful conviction that none are left to fill her place—then do we recall, in tears, her gentleness and her love; and feel, in each throb of our grief-torn hearts, that, until this awful separation, we never knew how truly dear she was to us."

While Gertrude was thus soliloquizing—for it can hardly be said that she was addressing her companion—Simple Roley again suspended his labor with the oar, and listened; and when her voice had ceased, he said, drawing a hand across his eyes:

"I have to hear you talk so, Mistress Gerty; but it makes me very sad."

"Did you not tell me the dream you had about your mother?"

"Then how do you know I had such a dream?" inquired the other.

"I mean, you did not tell me exactly dreamed it?"

"I don't understand what you mean," returned Jacob, with a look of perplexity.

"Well, never mind it," replied Gertrude; who now perceived that all recollection of the dream, and the words he had uttered, had been foreign to his mind, and that he was saying. "Never mind, Roley, we will talk about something else. Why, here we are, almost to our little island! Come, we must land there—for I wish to see how my little bo'ee looks so early in the morning."

The blind to which Gertrude alluded, and of which mention has been previously made, was a small, narrow strip of land which divided the waters of the Kenosaguth. On one side was a sandy, level beach; but the remainder of it was covered with trees and under-growth, which formed a delightful shade in the mid-day heats of mid-summer. In one of its coves and most beautiful spots, Gertrude, with a little labor, had constructed a bower, to which a path led from the beach, and around which grew vines, and blossomed sunscreen wild flowers. It was a beautiful little retreat, this bower; for all that nature had not done to its construction, had been done by the hand of one who possessed an common share of skill, taste, and refinement.

And never did this little bower appear more beautiful and enchanting, than it did on this morning, as Gertrude seated herself under the green, dewy leaves, and had the sun just rising over the eastern hills, and pouring in upon her a flood of yellow, golden light, and heard the silent singing of all the birds at once in the ecstasy of rejoicing.

She could have remained here for hours without weariness; but she remembered that her absence might be a source of alarm to the Major, and to the rest of her party, and therefore entered the boat on her return, she observed, on the opposite shore, a small boat, manned with summer bloosoms of the brightest hue; and thinking those might please the children, she directed Simple Roley to approach it; which he did. As the boat touched the bank, which was sprightly in a goodly height. Gertrude sprang out, and bounded up the acclivity, to the astonishment of Simple Roley, who expects which look beautiful at a distance, she found the blossoms would not bear a close inspection—being coarse in texture and color, and of an unpleasant smell.

"Ah! no matter," she said, slightly pouting her lips, "I have half a mind to get vexed; for I was anticipating the pleasure which my return would give to the beautiful children, and to the dear children: when lo! I reach them, and find my anticipations all vain. Is not this true, that anticipation is the reality of enjoyment—she reality itself being merely the gilded dream of the anticipation, which a distance raises into solid gold. Disappointment, too, is but, into life, a deeper shade, to serve and to deepen our spirits: and were it not for the sea of Hope, shining out and casting this shade of sorrow, we should, like miserable indeed. Well, now that I am so to the up the hill, I will gather some of the sweet wild flowers and take them this side of the river, in this mellow morning light."

With that Gertrude tripped away lightly, and soon reached the summit of the sloping bank, and began to gather the flowers that grew in the section of the knoll. She had merely given a glance over the scene, when she was startled by hearing the crackling of wood behind her; and as she turned quickly round, she beheld, to her astonishment, a large black, shaggy bear, coming directly toward her. Flight would scarcely have saved her now; but even had resource was nearer her, for every limb was encircled with terror; and she stood like a statue, with her gaze riveted upon the beast, and her eyes almost starting from their sockets; while the animal, seeing that she fared him, raised himself upon his hind legs, and approached her with most terrible growls.

Gertrude, in our individual lives, cannot properly be measured by minutes, and hours, and days, and weeks, and months, and years—for there are moments when the mind, under the influence of the impression of thoughts, feelings, passions, seems to live an age in a moment; and there are other times, when years pass, and we can call them to mind as a short, delightful dream. The moment was here the case with our heroine. In the first moment she felt her heart nearly filling the nerve—unable to breathe—with her straining eyes fixed upon the strange beast, which was advancing to destroy her—and then she lives a whole life; and it would almost fill a book to tell what she thought and suffered in the past, the present, and the future—in the time it would take one to count his.

Fear, and nature dear to the heart, till not more than six feet divided him from Gertrude; and then, as she saw the monster—could not speak—could not even breathe; but she could think! think! and a thousand thoughts, in the twinkling of an eye, each silent and unheard by the other, crowded themselves upon her brain.

Suddenly the sharp crack of a rifle awoke the echoes of the forest; and the huge bear, with a terrible howl of pain and rage, fell upon his back, and turned from her. Another glance Gertrude beheld Simple Roley at a distance, standing, with a bound, from a near ascent; and the enraged animal, with savage growls and howls, making toward him. With a shriek of agony, the fitting shadow of a dream than a reality—that deep darkness settled over her vision, thought ceased, and all the overtaxed senses slept.

CHAPTER X.

THE WOUNDED HUNTER.

When consciousness first returned to Gertrude Wilburn, she gazed around her with a bewildered look, as if she could not remember she could recall the thrilling scene, of which we gave a brief description at the close of the preceding chapter. Then she knew that she was in the wilderness, and that she had been rescued from the fangs of the bear by Simple Roley, who had fired upon the savage monster. We may that her memories—as may abuse her kindness, which, in life warmed our very soul with an electrical thrill of love, but which shall now speak to us no more; and have seen her formed form lowered into the cold and silent grave; and heard the sods of the valley fall hollowly upon her coffin; and have turned away with the

Our Picture Gallery.

HORSES OF THE CRIMEA IN A WINTER STORM.

The above engraving, which is copied from a picture by Foregio, represents an extraordinary scene, which not unfrequently occurs on the northern coast of Russia—a wholy bird of horses overthrown in a snow-storm, and scattered over the frozen surface of the Black Sea. The wild excitement of the event is admirably hinted, and forcibly illustrates the terrible hardships to which the country of the Don Cossacks is subject. The Wild Horses of the Ukraine are a peculiar race; and are not only used by the dashing Cossack Riders, but, in times of war, but sometimes hunted down as food.

Somewhat apropos to the above, as showing the hardships of the Russian soldiers, is the news of the death of Lieut. Bellot, attached to one of the recent English Expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin. Captain Inglefield says—"This unfortunate occurrence took place on the night of the gale, when M. Bellot with two men were driven off from the shore on the floe: and shortly after, while reconnoitering from the top of a hummock, he was blown off by a violent gust of wind into a deep crack in the ice, and perished by drowning. The two men were saved by a companions miracle; and after driving about for thirty hours without food, were rescued in bad and rapids below deliver-water ice, who gave them provisions, and then all returned to the ship, bringing back in safety the despatches: but three of them ill subject only for breathing."

CARD.—The following piece during the recent troubles in Ireland, and the deeds of several days elapsed ere it was ascertained that Gallagher, detective of the Roman police, is not quick at guessing; attention of the following one inscription to

Pope Nicholas—
for over
the best government
is that of the Pope
Pope
for ever!

WHERE MAY DO.—MAY everything as the follies pen of Horace Mann.—Boston Post.

Apostle said, of their religion, "Let every one abide in the same calling wherein he was called."—*Corinthians.*

ANCE.—We often hear people speaking of any large, or long thing, as "That is a mere nothing." But this expression is not true of the laws, and, to illustrate their beauty, we have engaged themselves upon the following: Let a man commit a breach of vengeance: and anger is long delayed.—*Proverbs.*

Cure.—Such a man as Dr. Holloway, who, by the use of his ointment and pills, has restored the sight to many persons who had become totally blind, and cured them of diseases which had defied the skill of the most eminent physicians.

Original Novelet.

THE LOST HEIRESS:

A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFFORD," "INEZ: A TALE OF THE WALLOOMSAC," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.—(CONTINUED.)

Go and take a quiet stroll in the open air, among the old ruins!—and with his heart and brain yearning to pour forth its torrent of thought and emotion! Oh! the man who invented that was sixty-five years old, and had forgotten his youth; though Falconer, in his letter to Hunter, had advised his wife to write to—Mr. Hunter, Read, both, everybody!

But to Maud Ruth—such a letter!—eight-teen pages full of remorse, self-reproach, explanation, justification, prayers, vows, love, admiration, devotion, fidelity, &c. &c., &c., of repentance. It came to an end at last (as this history may, reader, if you will have patience).

And then to her father! This was a far more difficult task, though he wrote a shorter letter. He filled and destroyed many sheets of paper, before his heart would allow his hand to write a sufficiently clear to last and know precisely what he wished and what he ought to write. At length he finished a letter, truly, manly, dignified—full of noble candor and generosity—affectionate, penitent, yet firm—and left Mr. Hunter to receive. In this he enclosed Maud's letter, and dispatched them by the first mail.

But, oh! when he remembered that terrible moment when Hunter would receive and receive an answer, he felt as almost unbearable impulse to throw himself on board the very next homeward vessel and return to the United States to meet the presence of his Maud and her father. It was the strongest effort of his whole impulsive, impatiently, had been the besetting sins and floundering rocks of his life, and he determined to govern them. But the time to stay in Rome, to devote himself to his duties, to his profession, to his art, was Rome, and Maud's affection. First of all he went to work; and patiently consolidated his Virginian, and his Maryland bonds, and raised a fund sufficient to meet the presence of his Maud and her father. He was determined to be rich—to make independence

Oh! very ardent had been his declarations—his suppliant's attitude—his earnest protestations—his eager and passionate appeals for love—for affection—for but mere pity! Oh! It is a passing bitter thing for Death to step in between us and our

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PHILADELPHIA:
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OR, THE FATAL VOW.

In addition to the above splendid array of original matter, we have made ample arrangements for the usual supply of Foreign Correspondence from Europe, &c. This will include a series of LETTERS FROM HAVANNAH, by Mrs. DENISON, descriptive of the scenery, customs, scenery, &c., of British Guiana.

Mr. Denison, American Consul to British Guiana, has promised us some interesting descriptions of that portion of the South American world.

Engravings, Choice Selections, Agricultural Articles, Receipts, Commercial Reviews, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore. And in view of the above attractions, involving a large outlay of money, we feel emboldened in asking a generous support from our friends—a support which we have received from our readers in years past. It needs but a proper accumulation of Post to neighbors and friends—as small up our list during the coming year, to the grand total of one hundred thousand subscribers. A very handsome list number we are resolved now not to be satisfied.

THE POPE'S NUNCIO.

On Monday, the 22d day of January, one of the most extraordinary debates took place which ever was heard in the Senate Chamber at the Capitol, Washington. It was not a debate in a debate, as a series of declamatory speeches, in which the leading members, as they consider themselves, of the body, boldly proclaimed sentiments at variance probably with those of nine-tenths of the people of those United States. It is therefore a day to be remembered in political history.

Archbishop Gaetano Bedini, Archbishop of Thebes," and Apostolic Nuncio to the Emperor of Brazil, has recently been commissioned through the United States, charged with the settlement of various disputes which have arisen between Roman Catholic Bishops and their flocks, relative to the possession of church property, and other matters of importance. Archbishop Bedini was further entrusted, it seems, with a letter from Pope Pius Ninth to the President of the United States, conveying his friendly feelings—many salutations," and containing the following principles expressed:

And inasmuch as we have been entrusted by Divine commission with the care of the Lord's flock throughout the whole world, we embrace this opportunity to pass, without earnestly entreating you to extend your protection to the Catholic inhabiting those regions, and to shield them by the full force of your powerful influence. Feeling confident that your excellency will very readily accede to our wishes and grant us the request, we will not fail to offer up our humble supplications to Almighty God that he may bestow upon you, illustrious and honored sir, every good and heavenly gift, that the full measure upon you may kind of blessing, and unite us in the bonds of perfect charity.

To which friendly letter and request, of which we have given an abstract, we note slowly, will reply some what as follows:—

Beloved Brother—The Catholic brethren, who, in the enjoyment of the rights of citizens of United States, shall have all the protection of the laws, and of the Government, to which, as to a proper return on your part, may we not ask of you the influence of Presidential power in favor of the Church, similar rights and privileges, as they are enjoyed in the United States by the Church, shall have within the walls of Rome, the right of worship, and the obligations of our faith, and with such religious exercises as in their consciences they believe befitting. Relying on your good will, we pray, very respectfully,

FRANK. K. PIERCE, President.

But, to resume our narrative. In the progress of Archbishop Bedini through the United States, various manifestations of cordiality and hospitality to be whispered, and finally published in the newspapers. Among others, the following:

What the Pope's Nuncio is Doing.—Among the congregations of Gardinals, who were made responsible for the affairs of the world, was also had Extraordinary Consistory during the night of the 19th inst., by which the Pope and the Cardinals consulting and assisting the dying and departing Bedini, on his way to Belgium, by order of the Papal authorities, he had the skin peeled from the knees of his head and from the thumb and two first fingers of his right hand, and, when this Christian-like ceremony was performed—which was considered to remove his persecution—he was turned over to the Austrians to be shot! It was the alleged complacency of Bedini with that man's wife, as he knew, which has caused so much animosity to the Nuncio in this country among the Italian and German refugees.

Other accounts have stated, that it was by the express orders of Bedini, that this Ugo Bassi was shot. Bassi was a priest, who had been invited over to the Austrians to be put to death. And still another account gives it that Bassi was shot by the Austrians, because he refused to baptize a child according to the Roman Catholic ritual.

And so ends the story of Bedini, the Papal Nuncio, who was sent to this country to represent the principles of Pius Ninth, and who was driven from it by the indignant execration of the people. It is to be hoped, that the Senate will not be called upon to receive any more such Papal Nuncios

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EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1854.

Congressional News.

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.
FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 23rd, Mr. Douglass asked leave to make a report from the Committee on Territories. He said the attention of the committee had been called to the fact that the southern boundary of Nebraska, as laid down in the bill heretofore reported, which was thirty-six degrees north latitude, would divide the Cherokee country. To avoid this, the committee had determined to recommend thirty-seven degrees as the southern boundary. The people of that country had two delegates acting as their agents in this city, who had urged that the country be divided into two territories; one to be called Nebraska, and the other Kansas territory. The delegations from Iowa, and, so far as he had been able to consult with them, the Missouri delegation, satisfied the committee that it would be better to have two territories. There were some other amendments made by the committee in relation to a delicate subject; and which were made with a view that their should be no difference of opinion as to the meaning of the bill. These amendments had been prepared by the committee in the shape of a new bill.

Mr. Johnson—Do you put both territories into one bill?

Mr. Douglass—The one bill will provide territorial governments for both Nebraska and Kansas. The committee desire this new bill to be printed.

The motion to print was agreed to.

Mr. Douglass' bill thus defines the boundaries of Kansas and Nebraska:—All that part of the territory of the United States included within the following limits, except such portions thereof as are hereinafter expressly exempted from the operations of this act, to wit:—Beginning at a point in the Missouri River, where the 40th parallel of north latitude crosses the same; thence west on said parallel to the summit of the highlands separating the waters flowing into the great basin; thence northward of the said highlands to the summit of the Rocky Mountains [illegible]

[illegible]

Michigan [illegible] the character of a stranger, traveller and sojourner. In either of these characters he was entitled to respect, and to the protection which the law placed upon him [illegible] looked upon with respect, and [illegible] veneration, by the great body of Christians to whose Church he belonged, and who formed a large portion of our people, and which Church, in this country, stands upon the same footing, in the contemplation of law, as all others. The Senate has heard that, upon information received from the relative of the Senator from Michigan, this gentleman stood in high repute as a good citizen, and well esteemed in his own nation. In this country he had said nothing, nor had he done any act affording the slightest shadow of a justification or provocation for the unmanly violence offered him. He thought there was no further legislation necessary to protect foreign Ministers. Public sentiment good, and he was sure would discountenance and put down all such violations of [illegible] and hospitality. He had heard that a crime was imputed to this gentleman, but he believed, and felt satisfied, from the assurance given by the Senator from Michigan, that it was altogether unjust and wholly unfounded. Any man who offered this violence, or aided or encouraged or protected others in doing it, would be committing an act more unjust and outrageous than the one with which this gentleman was, as he believes, unjustly accused.

Mr. Adams said Congress had no jurisdiction over this subject. He doubted the right of Congress to manufacture, to regulate, or enforce public opinion on this or any other matter. What power had the General Government to put down riots, and punish assaults in the several States? It was altogether a matter for the several States—each within its own limits, to regulate and dispose as they thought fit.—While he thought this, he did not wish to be understood as approving violence in any manner.

Mr. Cass said this matter might become a proper subject for legislation by Congress. If this gentleman was in this country in a diplomatic character, and has sustained outrage, Congress has the power expressly to legislate upon that subject; it was not the case of an ordinary riot, or assault and battery, as the Senator supposed; it was a matter deeply affecting the national character. Suppose an American Ambassador should be assaulted and mal-treated in any city of Europe, would this Government or people look upon it as a simple case of assault and battery? Undoubtedly not. From ocean to ocean the American people would regard it as an affront to the nation, and it would so be treated.

Mr. Pettit said the resolution was, he thought, right in two particulars—one was, that the Senate and country might know, if the Papal Government desired to have a Minister at this Government; and the other, whether any future legislation was necessary to prevent hostile violations of law on the persons of foreign representatives. This gentleman came to this country with two objects. The first was as the representative of his Sovereign, a secular Prince, to make known to this Government the view of that Sovereign. The other was to make known the views of the head of the Church to the [illegible]

[illegible]

or vote as he may be. But I wish to be understood that no thumb-screw shall be applied in advance to me by any gentleman, or the Administration. I shall vote as my constituents may dictate, in the sight of God, and will try to carry out my constituents wishes.

Mr. Smith resumed—when the gentleman spoke he listened and thought him one of the most decided men of New York, but when the question was propounded he fell, I thought [illegible]. Why should not the gentleman have an opinion as well as his colleagues? Too frequently, gentlemen hide their narrow views behind the people instead of marching up boldly to the question with intelligent views. I believe the people are patriotic and will vindicate and sustain their Representatives in the honest discharge of duty.

In conclusion, he appealed to the New York Democrats to give up their controversy and unite in the support of the Administration and Democracy. He believes the Administration will be found a unit on repealing the Missouri Compromise, so far as Nebraska is concerned. He spoke this on his own responsibility, with pleasure.

Mr. Campbell called up his resolution requesting the President to inform the House in relation to the obstructions of the passage of the mails at Erie, and what measures had been taken to secure the transportation of the mails.

Mr. Orr moved to lay it on the table, pending which the House adjourned.

On the 27th, the House went into Committee upon private bills. This was what is called Objection Day. No debate was allowed. If any one objected to a bill, as announced by the Clerk, it went over under the rule. The merits of other bills were made known by the reading of the accompanying reports. Upwards of twenty-five bills were reported from the Committee to the House, but not finally acted on. Adjourned till Monday.

General News.

Foreign News.—War Apparently Inevitable.—Further Rise in Wheat.—Bread Riots.—By the Atlantic, we have Liverpool dates to the 11th.

There is little definite to add to the news brought by the steamer Niagara; but the important intelligence by that steamer is fully confirmed.

From Vienna, it is stated, seemingly authentically, that Austria had asked Russia if she would consent to a European Protectorate over the Christians in Turkey, to which proposition the Czar replied that he would consent to no interference whatever between himself and Turkey.

The enormous rise in the price of food in England, has caused serious apprehensions of [illegible]

[illegible]

News Items.

[illegible]

Political News.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, JAN. 30.

[illegible]

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S. M. HEUSTON,
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INFORMATION WANTED—OF CHAS. CAMM, who left Philadelphia, about five years since, to go South—supposed to Virginia. He will hear of something to his advantage on application to OBED. WELDIN, Philadelphia, Pa. jan28-3t*

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE
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NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.
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[illegible]

RHEUMATIC COMPLAINTS [illegible]

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[illegible]

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[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE SKATER.

BY HON. GEORGE LUNT.

The snow is white with gleaming mirth;
The lake one sheet of silver lies;
The sun is in the cold, blue sky,
The ice beneath his feet and eyes.

The wind is in the frozen trees,
And in the hollow of his hat,
And in the bosom of his coat,
And in the marrow of the bone.

Cheek-deep are hues to rate the blood
The pulses play in every vein;
Up, up he sped, in speed he trod,
Across the breast and the plain.

The ringing steel spurn each hard mark,
And o'er the crystal sweeps the wind;
We'll leave the world and care behind.

And on, when yet in awe, to play
In regal round and swell and sweep,
And march, between the watery way;
One minute's rest and hasty cheer—
Then, when the field reveal day is done,
And stars shoot bright to bind,
Unbind the bond into that heart so as
Whenever our remembrance on the bonds,
We'll bind their cheerful hearts to ours.
One bonding heaven give quiet night,
With evening's star and morning light,
And bonding wreath every eye.
Then bonding wreath every eye.
We speed them well, here bright the glow
Of friendship that from the frosty air
And homestead, o'er the memorial stove,
Each great heart leads her willing fire.

Then gathered round the cheerful blaze,
While winds without are blowing shrill,
With light and song and jest, and story,
We pass the joyous evening till
At length the moment comes to part,
And clasp the crystal hand to hand,
Each with a prayer in his heart.

So happy pulse impulse our sleep,
No sickness nor sorrow our dreams molest,
But health and peace, in quiet deep,
Smile hovering round the sunny bed.
Then when the morning, all young and gay,
Shall waken the glad hearts to play,
With hearty cheers we hail it now,
Or hearty labors blame it still.

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES BY FANNY FERN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Daniel P. Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

GOTHAM SCRIBBLINGS.

"Each to his taste," somebody says: so say I: so many tastes, so many modes. Look at Gotham house, with its massive doorway, its mammoth plate-glass windows, its tasteful ornamentation, where the sweep Orange blossom, and clustering Rose, and crimson Cactus, and regal Passion-flower, hang in elegant disdain—and then contrast their little day of sweetness. See that Gothic gable, with its carving, its finials and its frosted casements, and nest-repellations cottage, whose coat of arms makes our National Eagle droop his wings in despair. Then cast your eye on that jumble-down wooden grocery adjoining, and on the little Yahoo-faces at the window, and ask, into particles concrete: Go where you will in New York, you see the same strong contrasts. Feast your eyes on splendor, and a dollance startles you at its side. Dives stands over the Gate of Heaven.

Here is a Fishery School: what a host of little ragged urchins are crowding in! Stop—stop! I stop in quietly and see them eat. Now, they take their places in seats terraced off one above another, so that each little face is distinctly visible. What a pretty sight! and how Nature loves to ornament! sending Beauty to the Hovel, Imbecility to the Hall. There's a boy, now, in that ragged jacket, who is a study for an artist. See his head, and his face. It betrayed much how his dark eyes glow—and that little girl at his side, whose element curls droop so gracefully over her well-shaped neck and delicate shoulders. And that Dream-child in yonder corner, with blue-veined, transparent temples, whose spiritual eyes even now can see that fadeless shore to which bright angels beckon him. Dear prophet! will he—he—be speedily gone?

I forget the character in which the great temperance is here represented, but it is one that deserves more the classic beauty of his features. Mr. Kemble was asked to read last little father that this—then, exhausted by the overpowering passion and pathos of the part, he bent back the book, and bowed his head upon the table before him. He remained thus for a few minutes—silent, but trembling wearily, and trembling through all his frame;—then, lifting up his face, he said, with an almost childish simplicity:—"I want to read Lear before a large audience of my old friends, before I die."

I thought of Chatham, and shuddered.

When, soon after, we parted, he said "good night," cheerfully, as usual, but I could see in the long good-night. In a few days I was in Boston, and learned that hope is ever one him again.

Miscellaneous.

PARISIAN SKETCH.

A friend living in the Faubourg du Temple, went out at a late hour of a winter evening to pass a few hours with a friend in the Quartier Latin.

Turning the corner of the canal, he was struck by a man and woman, who were walking before him at his or his purse. It is related that Coby escaped, when placed in a similar predicament, by drawing out from his pocket and placing on the highroad a purse he had found.

"Follow me to the next guard-house, or I'll call the fellow!" he exclaimed.

At this the fellow fled, and did not perceive that he was threatened by an imaginary lock. He had recourse to the supplications usurped in such cases.

"Sir, do not risk me!"

"It is for your own sake, on the contrary, that I lead you to the guard-house."

"But, sir, the number of three children."

"I have six."

"I have a wife who depends upon me for support."

"And so have I."

"Indeed, I am not in reality a wicked man."

"Neither am I. Come, it is late, and rather cold by the water side. March, or I shall strike!"

The robber was obliged to follow our friend to the guard house. They arrived, and found a patrol came in. Our friend related his history, and the patrol selected the moment for the larger expression and freer range of acting. The robber listened, in anger, mingled with hate, she writhes in her chair, and seems every now and then about to fling aside her book, in the intensity of her hate, and storm out some imaginary stage in the magnificent rage of tragedy. Because she was thus devilishly "natural, effective, confined" at the reading-desk, Miss Clyde's Shakspearian readings were unanimously voted to be "natural, effective, confined" at the parlor-table, and "perfectly delightful" at the social gathering. Of course, the "natural" reading was unbearable not only to bore the reader, but to see the actress, on the boards, which, it is to be hoped, she will never tread, except in the "native health."

At dinner, Mr. Kemble presided with all the courtly grace of a gentleman of the old school. His conversation was conversation not addressed to the gallery, but to the table, and was delightful. Not from the grotesque, expressive tone of his face and words, would have supposed him a tragedian.

He was constantly attentive, and, losing no opportunity of showing a courtesy, or paying a compliment.

After dinner, I heard with pleasure, mingled with surprise and apprehension, that our host would read to us some scenes from Lear. As Mr. Kemble's unfortunate brother has been dead but a few days, my apprehension for the effect upon the voice, and while it has doubtless lent him a melancholy memory to him, to the ears of others it has given the tone of sadness, and very, without modulation or impressiveness, and gloomy and unnatural (unnatural because of sadness or sweetness. When I saw him sitting in the chair in which my sister sang, leaning on his elbow, and looking down upon the book, I felt that he did not feel what the dreary imitation of his silence, and the sympathy of his audience, were strange, and perhaps laughed at imaginary witticisms infinitely better than my pulverized up us. I have sometimes wished him to see the Lear players at the Bowery, James Thomas, and though I know that, do have, the greater part of the performance was but a formal pantomime, and that in the occasional tragic passages, there came up but a dull entrance from the stage, for his cue, yet I scarcely commiserated him, feeling almost sure that, directed, it may be, by the singular resemblance of the celebrated Herr Devrient to himself, in his youth, his thoughts were revolving in the time when the Kembles dynasty was in its glory—when kindred genius

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [